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## HINTS FOR WINTER TRAVELLERS.

THE time is fast approaching when many hundreds of dwellers in our sea-girt isle will have to face the problem of where to spend the winter months, and how best to escape the fogs and frosts of Britain, so that sensitive lungs may be healed, bronchial tubes have rest from the irritation produced by the smoke-laden atmosphere of our large towns, and the whole system regain and accumulate a store of strength for future use. The Italian and French Riviera, Davos-Platz, Egypt, Sicily, Madeira, the Cape—each has its host of adherents, who enthusiastically maintain that no place can approach their favourite resort for restorative and health-giving properties. With the respective merits of these rival claimants we have just now nothing whatever to do, beyond the warning—almost too obvious to be needed—that what suits one patient will by no means necessarily benefit another, even though the main features of the complaint from which each is suffering may have a certain amount of verisimilitude. The disease itself has not alone to be taken into account; but differences of constitution, temperament, and those various minutæ which to the lay mind appear as mere trifling details, have all a direct bearing upon the point at issue, and in the eye of a medical man constitute important factors in that sum of diverse symptoms, the careful consideration of which will alone enable him accurately to diagnose the character of his patients' ailments, and to prescribe the remedy most appropriate for each. Perhaps there exists no greater fallacy—as there is certainly none more harmful—than to suppose that because Davos-Platz, for instance, has benefited A, therefore B must of necessity be cured by a few months' sojourn there. 'But,' says the latter, 'A had hæmorrhage from the lungs, and so had I; therefore what cured him cannot be bad for me.' Not quite so fast, my friend. You forget, or possibly do not know, that the hæmoptysis which is the *one* symptom common to both, may proceed from very different causes. In a particular

case, it may show itself because a certain more advanced stage of phthisis has been reached; while in another, it may be simply the result of a, so to speak accidental, combination of circumstances, and, not necessarily indicating any true organic lesion, will require for its treatment an altogether different set of surroundings.

Leaving, then, the question of where to go, which, after all, each one has to determine for himself, a decision more often than not based on many things besides simple fitness of climate; for convenient access, good water and drainage, English comforts, a possibility of obtaining cheerful society, fairly level ground to walk upon, are all at times of equal importance with climatic conditions, necessary though it be to pay a due share of attention to these—setting aside, then, for the present, all this, and supposing the initial inquiry *where*, to have been definitely, it is hoped satisfactorily, settled, it may not be out of place to name some few points which would appear to be but seldom insisted upon by physicians, probably because of their very simplicity, but the neglect of which injuriously militates against the good which might otherwise be gained.

The writer has frequently been struck by the small amount of knowledge on health matters which is possessed by the invalids or semi-invalids whom one so often meets abroad. It is as if the very alphabet of sanitary science were unknown to them. And the many foolish, not to say foolhardy things done by those who are professedly in search of health, will more than account for their frequent return home—supposing they live to reach England once more—in an even worse state of health than when they left. Surely doctors are in some degree to blame for this. A physician must not make his own perfect acquaintance with physiology and hygiene, gained after long years of study, the measure of his patients' knowledge, or rather want of knowledge, on such matters; and yet this is practically what too many do. They send a voyageur to a—to him unknown—country, and give him neither directions, nor accurate landmarks, nor any guiding

light by whose help he might, perchance, with many stumbles and much weariness, at length reach a haven of safety. If a mariner, on an unknown coast, needs not only to be told where to look for the different harbours, but wants a clearly drawn-out chart, with shoals, and rocks, and the set of the currents, besides many other things, well marked, so that he may avoid running into danger, how equally necessary is it that one who has, so to speak, cast aside all his old bearings and adventured himself on new and untried ways, where health is the goal, but disease and death lurk in every bypath, should at least have some glimmering ray of knowledge to keep him on the right course, instead of being at the mercy of each wandering Will-o'-the-wisp, and so lured into treacherous bog and morass. And yet this is precisely the one thing which, as a rule, the traveller in search of health is apt to be without.

What, for instance, can be more delightful than to sit out of doors in the soft, sweet air of Southern Italy, and watch the setting sun with its train of golden splendour? Or on the shores of Greece, how pleasant it is to bask in the sunshine when a sirocco stirs the leaves around, and breaks the wavelets into rich-hued ripplets, whose *reflets* have an almost kaleidoscopic effect. Such form of lotos-eating cannot surely be harmful! The air is soft and balmy, and the passing gusts still warmer, almost like a douche of hot spray going down the spine. No treachery can lurk beneath so much of luscious softness. How different from the dreaded Bora, whose chill breath freezes all it touches! And yet, it would really be far less perilous, well wrapped up, to struggle against the fierce north wind, than to linger exposed to the insidious sweetness of the desert-born southerly airs, or to inhale the moist-laden vapours which attend our Mediterranean sunsets. If English people would but condescend to learn from the inhabitants of the different places they visit—who, by all rules of common-sense, should be the best teachers of what is most fitting to be done in their own country—what a vast amount of misery might be spared. But no; the average Briton has not yet got over his insular prejudices, and is apt to set down all 'foreigners' as a set of ignoramuses. In Italy or Greece, the inhabitants would no more think of encountering the risks daily and hourly run by our own countrymen—and still more, countrywomen—than they would of attempting to swim Niagara. They know well that the period of sunset—say an hour before, and the same time after—is just about the most dangerous part of the whole twenty-four hours, especially for those who are at all susceptible to damp and cold; and as such, if encountered at all, is only to be guarded against by an extra supply of wraps, and, more important still, some covering over the mouth. By those who have not actually had experience of it, the suddenness of the change from a clear dry atmosphere

to one heavily charged with moisture, can hardly be realised. In five minutes, the deck and seats of a Mediterranean steamer will become so saturated with wet, that there will not be a place where it is possible to sit down, and all shawls and wraps have to be hastily picked up, and taken somewhere to dry, before they are again fit for use.

One hears so much of the warmth and bright sunshine of Italy, that it is hardly a matter for wonder if most travellers—certainly all inexperienced ones—leave their warm fur and woollen garments at home in England. In fact, it is almost possible to tell an English person by the smaller amount of wraps he or she will wear in winter. Amidst orange and lemon groves, when geraniums and myrtles are in bloom, and the prickly-pear clothes the hillsides with verdure, it seems almost out of keeping with Nature herself, to don other than the lightest attire. And yet, cool days do come, and a slight fall in the temperature seems to produce more effect, than would in England be the case with a much greater accession of cold. Then, too, the hot sunshine, delightful and revivifying as it is, constitutes an element of danger. The writer has known, in Genoa, days when, exposed to the sun's glare, the heat was almost unendurable; while in streets closed in by lofty palaces, the cold was so great, that unless a cloak or rug were in readiness to put on, it was impossible even to walk without shivering. It is just these sudden alternations of temperature which are to be guarded against. The streets, say in Leghorn or Naples—still more in some parts of Sicily—are hot as a baker's oven. Enter a museum, or a church with its marbled floor and lofty vaulted roof, and you feel as if going into an ice-house. Thus it is at all times well to be provided with some extra covering, which can easily be put on as occasion requires, while woollen stockings should always be worn. At Naples, even so late as April, the Neapolitan ladies, when going for their afternoon drive, may be seen wrapped up in fur garments, while our countrywomen are conspicuous as wearing much less warm clothing.

The men, too, wrap up much more than we do in England, where you rarely see the fur-lined and trimmed coats which are so general in Italy. The cloaks worn by men in Spain seem admirably adapted to provide against sudden changes of temperature, besides being sufficiently picturesque to satisfy even an Oscar Wilde. In warm sunshine, they can be thrown open; when colder weather comes on, they are drawn closely around the figure and even over the mouth, thus forming a perfect protection from damp and cold. To our ideas, it seems a little strange, in the midst of orange trees and semi-tropical plants luxuriantly growing in the open air, to see men muffled up more than an Englishman would be in mid-winter. The mantilla, so gracefully worn by Spanish ladies, and a similar headgear adopted by the daughters of Italy, give an impression of coolness and insufficient clothing, which is, after all, more in idea than anything else. The luxuriant hair, an almost invariable attribute of every woman

one meets, does not need the addition of heavy straw or velvet; and the fine lace folds not only break the force of strong air-currents, but, when worn over the mouth, act as a respirator of the very best kind, as not excluding, but gently filtering, the air in its passage to the lungs.

Heavy clothing, either here or abroad, is without doubt to be avoided; all garments should, on the contrary, be as light as possible; but each part of the body ought to be equally protected, and care taken to have some extra wrap always at hand, so as to avoid the sudden chill produced by going from a hot street into some cold marble palace; or the still greater risk incurred by sitting out at sunset. Woollen is generally recommended to be worn next the skin; but silk will be found far pleasanter and equally good, especially if a woollen gauze or a merino vest be worn over the silk one. In the case of ladies, a combination garment of silk and one of a thin woollen material over it, would obviate the necessity of wearing any heavy petticoats. Silk garments, though costly at first, have the great advantage—no slight one abroad—of washing well, and keeping their shape better than flannel, which after a few washings begins to thicken. The writer has had silk vests in constant use for five years, and they are good yet, notwithstanding the rough treatment of foreign washerwomen and men, in all sorts of out-of-the-way places.

That such apparently simple matters as are insisted upon in this paper have an importance far greater than at first sight would appear, could be proved by numerous illustrations. One will suffice. A gentleman who had gone to try the effect of a short sea-voyage to the Mediterranean, after a severe illness, at first improved rapidly, in fact continued to do so, until at length he cast aside all precautions, and in the delightful warmth of the lovely April weather seemed to think he could never again be ill. Though frequently warned against it, he would stay out and enjoy the beauty of the sunsets, which at that time of the year are, on the Mediterranean, singularly enchanting. The result was, a severe cold taken, followed by an attack of hæmoptysis which brought him to death's-door, and the complete undoing of all the good previously gained.

There are many other points which might well be noticed, as errors in diet, necessity of well-ventilated apartments, and so forth; but all these have received a full share of attention at the hands of every writer on the subject. The minutæ just insisted upon are too apt to be overlooked entirely, and yet to the neglect of them are due innumerable colds taken—the patient does not seem to know how—and the consequent neutralising of that benefit which would otherwise be obtained by a change of climate. *Experientia docet*—but its teachings sometimes press hardly—and if a few of its lessons can be as well learned vicariously, so much the better. Therefore, let those who intend to winter abroad, consult, if possible, some one who actually knows the climate of the particular place to which they may be going, and who can, from personal experience, inform them as to the special precautions which need to be taken. A little trouble in this matter will be well repaid by the greater good gained. Above all things, let them study the ways of the inhabitants, and be satisfied

to learn from those who have not only a lifelong experience, but also a hereditary one, so far as the necessities of their own climate are concerned.

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

### CHAPTER XL.—A MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

BRIGHTLY, if coldly, shone the wintry sun upon the gray stone belfry, lichen-crusts, of the small, sturdy, ancient church that nestled so close to the rocks that were topped by feudal Castel Vawr. Seldom had that church witnessed such a display of wealth, luxury, and fashion—to quote the *County Chronicle*—as it then beheld. Of course it had seen the espousals of noble brides and knightly wooers; but the owners of the castle had usually been married in London. Now, there were thirty carriages at the least, with rattling silver-mounted harness, and superb horses, that champied the bit and fretted at their inaction, drawn up outside the moss-grown churchyard wall. There was crimson cloth laid down from the churchyard gate, outside which rose the first of a series of triumphal arches, twined with greenery and artificially reared blossoms, soon to fade, which extended to the castle itself. A double hedge of school-children, girls, of course—boys on these occasions are shelved—waited, in their new white muslin frocks, with their new sashes of glistening pink silk, a basketful of hothouse flowers on each young arm, outside the church-door and all along the flagged path from church-door to wicket-gate, to do honour to the bride by strewing roses and lilies on her path.

Within the church, sat or stood a dense crowd of expectant sightseers, bidden guests for the most part. Those narrow old aisles had rarely been so crammed by well-dressed people; and even the tiny organ-loft was filled by fashionably attired ladies in bright apparel, with fans ready to flutter, and gold or silver topped smelling-bottles, awaiting the arrival of the performers in the interesting ceremony that was about to begin. Outside the church, and to some extent within it, stood those who were neither great nor fashionable—farmers and their wives and daughters, a few labourers in their Sunday best, and several of those old women whose delight in weddings is inexhaustible. Within the altar rails stood, in full episcopal attire, with rustling robes and spotless lawn sleeves, the Bishop, mild, pink-faced, and kindly. Near him was Arch-deacon Crane, looking far more like a mediæval prelate than did the actual wearer of the mitre; while the commonplace rector and pallid curate completed the ecclesiastical display.

Sir Timothy's spacious mansion had furnished a large contingent of those present; but it is wonderful how far Welsh gentry, and those English county families of the Marches who have so much of the Cymric blood in their veins, will drive to be present at ball or archery meeting, and a wedding above all, so that most of those present were distant neighbours. Just outside the altar rails stood, resplendent, the jaunty bridegroom. His 'best-man,' the Hon. Algernon March, and one or two other tall

young patricians, with vacuous faces, had gathered round him. There were times when these young men, born in the purple, forgot that Lord Putney was old, and not young as they were. At other times, a hazy sense of not ill-natured amusement titillated their somewhat stolid nerves at the recollection that the dapper little peer was really the senior of their own fathers. But, be it remarked, no one despised Lord Putney. Men are so very lenient where a man has never done a dishonourable act. The Viscount was often ridiculous; but his juniors, though they laughed, were indulgent in their laughter. 'Poor old Putney!' was about the worst thing ever said of him, and it was mildly spoken.

There was a good deal of delay. Time went on. Waiting is weary work at the best, and kicking one's heels not an agreeable pastime. The ladies in the pews and crowding the aisles grew impatient, opening their fans and shutting them up with a sharp snap. The heavy-shod rustics clattered their nailed boots on the pavement. Lord Putney had too much tact to consult his watch; but the enamelled snuff-box was in frequent requisition, and at each fresh pinch of the fragrant powder within there was a new anecdote, or a warmed-up epigram, wasted on the worthy young dandies who clustered around. Click, click went the fans, stamp, stamp went the iron-tipped boots on the dull gray marble beneath. Time went on. Watches were peeped at, stealthily at first, then openly. There certainly *was* a strange delay. Could it be that something was wrong, something amiss, up at Castel Vawr? Brides, of course, are not always in their bridal array to the moment; but still, it was odd how the minutes slipped away, and the patient Bishop and the frowning Archdeacon waited for the coming of the young bride. Marriage, no doubt, is a serious thing; yet it has a certain theatrical aspect, as even funerals have. And it did seem very much as if the other actors, dapper, elderly bridegroom, lawn-sleeved Bishop, and all, were waiting behind the footlights for the promised appearance of the prima donna. Waiting, none the less, is a fretful occupation, and soon there was a serious doubt in minds the most shallow and most frivolous as to whether something—nobody could guess what, but still something—had gone wrong at Castel Vawr.

Then at last came from afar the deep, steady roll of carriages approaching—the Castel Vawr carriages, of course. They rolled up to the wicket-gate one by one, and there was champing of bits and stamping of hoofs; and next the well-drilled school-children set up their shrill carol—a sort of epithalamium dashed with hymnology, of which the local schoolmaster, its author, was enormously proud, and which had been most painfully studied for some weeks—in welcome to the bride. Then, beneath the low, pointed arch of the church, her tiny hand resting on the sturdy arm of the Duke of Snowdon, the bride herself became visible, like a dawning comet on the horizon. Next came the Duchess, on the arm of the flurried present Marquis of Leominster; then Lady Barbara, a blaze of jewels, supported by Lord William Hill—so said the *County Chronicle*, but at anyrate walking stiffly beside His Grace's useful brother. And

then poured in the eight bridesmaids, dressed alike, as so many sisters for the nonce, bright, fresh girls, all of them, and two, the Ladies Gwendoline and Flora, who led the maiden phalanx, absolutely handsome. They, and their silk and lace and gauze and well-assorted colours, and the lockets they all wore, in turquoises and brilliants—the gift of Lady Barbara—and the bracelets that glittered on all their wrists—a gift from Lord Putney, in brilliants and turquoises to match—were quite a principal feature in the show. A column of the *Morning Post* and any amount of the country newspapers would be necessary to set off the bravery of the display.

How lovely the bride looked! The calm beauty of her sweet young face—free now from every trace of the carking care that for months had clouded it—shone out, and lent a real lustre to the ceremonial. Never before, perhaps, had the famous family diamonds of Leominster, which flashed like fire on her bosom, in her ears, around her wrists, and her shapely swan-like neck, been so fortunate in their wearer. Most of those who saw her forgot that she had been a widow, a young wife early left alone, and saw her but as the beautiful girl she looked. Her golden hair, wrapped around her well-shaped head, glistened in the bright winter sun. A superb tiara of Parma violets and great diamonds rose above the white forehead and the radiant face all smiles and blushes, and upheld the filmy veil of matchless lace. A strange contrast was she, in the bloom and glory of her youth, to the elderly bridegroom, who now stepped briskly forward, with white-gloved hand outstretched, to claim his bride. What a Romeo was this for such a Juliet! But Lord Putney seemed quite unconscious of any incongruity in the situation. The rough, kind Duke of Snowdon fell back a little, and Lord Putney gracefully took his place beside the lovely bride. Would it not be his duty, pride, and privilege henceforth to be ever at her side, cherishing and guarding her as a husband should! The fair column of bridesmaids passed trippingly on, and, rustling and whispering, formed in proper order behind the bride, hard by the altar. The World had done its part. Lord Putney was ready; so was the nuptial ring, in its envelope of silver paper, gripped in the muscular hand of the Hon. Algernon March, nervously anxious as to the safe custody of his precious trust. And now it was for the Church to do her share of the good work on hand of linking two human beings indissolubly together till death do them part. The Bishop was quite ready; so was the Venerable the Archdeacon; so was the incumbent of the parish, who waited to 'assist'; and so, of course, was his subordinate the curate. The Bishop shook out his lawn sleeves, smiled benignly, and opened his book. 'Dearly beloved'—began his Right Reverend Lordship.

What was that, just as the fans were slowly flapping to and fro, as if to mark time to the words of the marriage service, impressively delivered in the Bishop's best double bass, which caused that dignified ecclesiastic, who alone, from where he stood, could see the door, to come to an awkward pause in his exordium, and to let the last syllable die away on his lips? What was it? An unseemly noise, no doubt, as of scuffling, remonstrance, insistence, and then every



one turned to look towards the scene of the disturbance. Who was that excited little man, travel-worn, breathless, who pushed his way up the crowded aisle, his hand uplifted, as if in token of warning? Who but Mr Pontifex!

The little lawyer came bustling forward, his hand held out, gasping painfully for breath, and no wonder, since he had found no conveyance at the railway station where he had alighted, and the uphill walk, hurriedly performed, would have been a severe trial to the limbs and lungs of better-trained pedestrians than the eminent family solicitor had ever been. The Bishop looked aghast. There was no attempt to go on with the service. The bride was seen to tremble from head to foot, and to turn white visibly under her splendid veil, shrinking like a guilty thing, before a word had been uttered on either side. There was a general silence. Lord Putney seemed exceedingly uncomfortable. His Grace of Snowdon and the Marquis of Leominster looked awkwardly at one another. Neither of the two felt privileged, by the ties of relationship or of old friendship, to interfere, as a father or a brother might have done.

Lady Barbara it was who stepped forth, anger glittering in her eyes. 'Mr Pontifex,' she indignantly exclaimed, 'what *can* possibly have occurred to authorise this most unwarrantable intrusion?'

Mr Pontifex gaspingly, and in staccato sentences, replied: 'A very painful task. As your Ladyship's legal adviser—felt it to be my duty—circumstances have come to light—undeniable proofs—I should prefer to speak in private—but,' and here the lawyer's broken voice grew peremptory and emphatic, 'this marriage must *not* go on. I have telegraphed to Lady Leominster, in Bruton Street.' Then, lowering his voice till it could only be heard by Lady Barbara and the bride, he added: 'I am afraid the proofs are but too clear that the Marchioness is now at her brother's in Bruton Street; and I opine, therefore, that the wedding to-day is impossible.'

The bride uttered a low wailing cry, and staggered, and would have fallen, had not the Duke, with a presence of mind that surprised himself, caught her as she was sinking to the floor. There was a murmur everywhere of horror, pity, surprise. Lord Putney hurried up, real anxiety in his face. But the bride seemed to have eyes for none but Lady Barbara at her side, and to whom she clung. 'Take me away—home—home—hide me from all these eyes!' she whispered, plaintively; and, supported by the Duke on one side, and Lady Barbara on the other, she tottered, rather than walked, along the aisle and through the church-door, Lord Putney following, embarrassed and uneasy. At sight of the bride the school-children without set up their congratulatory carol—what mockery it sounded then!—and began strewing fresh flowers; but they were hastily silenced and thrust back; and then the wicket-gate of the churchyard was reached, and the carriage, with its noble horses bedecked with white favours, that awaited the bride. Shrinking, sobbing, half-fainting, the unhappy girl allowed herself to be placed within it, Lady Barbara alone accompanying her. Twice did Lord Putney speak, but he received no answer by word or look.

'Home—to the castle!' said Lady Barbara

sharply; and the carriage swept rapidly off, under the long line of triumphal arches, to Castel Vawr.

Lord Putney went back into the church, and walked up to where stood Mr Pontifex, surrounded by those who were eager for an explanation of the extraordinary interruption to the proceedings of the day. But neither to Marquis, Duke, nor Bishop, nor even to the bridegroom-elect, could Mr Pontifex be induced to tender any explanation. 'My professional duty to my clients, in this place seals my lips,' he said. 'I have had a very painful office to perform, and can only be thankful that I arrived in time. At the castle, I shall be happy to make my meaning more plain to those who have a right to question me as to my interference to-day.'

By this time there was a general hum of low-voiced talk; but, presently, the old church was left to its customary silence and repose, as the long line of carriages broke up and dispersed, bearing homeward the guests and the spectators. There would be no banqueting at the castle in honour of the bridal on that day—that was clear. Only Mr Pontifex and Lord Putney, in addition to those who were visitors there, took their places in the Castel Vawr carriages, which now dashed swiftly off. No joy-bells were to ring; no more flowers were to be thrown, or songs sung, for the wedding ceremony, so strangely and so ominously broken off.

#### THE MINERAL-OIL TRADE.

THE history of the mineral-oil trade, which has developed in such an extraordinary manner within the last twenty years—whether viewed as an extensive and important industry, or as the means of producing a cheap fuel and a beautiful illuminator for the poor; or as regards the many subsidiary but important by-products produced in the process of its manufacture—forms, we think, one of the most interesting chapters in the whole history of national industries. We recur to the subject at present in view of the interest attached to the short notices which have appeared in the majority of the daily papers, touching upon it in connection with the recent death of Dr James Young, with whose name the industry has been inseparably connected in our own country.

Considerable confusion has all along existed in the nomenclature both of the sources and derivatives of the class of compounds producing oil, technically known as hydro-carbons, the confusion arising doubtless partly from the numerous regions from which they are obtained, the variability of their constitution, the retention of old names to new products, and the general complexity and imperfect knowledge of the whole subject. Into this, however, we do not require to enter, further than to explain, where it is necessary, any seeming obscurity of the subject from the confusion of terms, as they may occur in our treatment of it.

The term bitumen is popularly applied to a mineral substance not unlike coal in its appearance; but, strictly speaking, the term also comprises a number of native hydro-carbons, which are presented to us in a variety of forms, viscid and liquid as well as solid, the solid, however, in the majority of instances being liquefiable in

certain solvents, and also on the application of heat. The liquid forms of these compounds are mixtures of various oils, differing in volatility; and the changes produced in them by the evaporation of the more volatile oils on the one hand, and by oxidation on the other, probably account for their conversion on exposure into the viscid or more solid mineral. As will immediately be shown, this process of change was not only known to the ancients from earliest history, but it may also be seen at the present day taking place in certain natural sources from which the liquids are obtained. There is little doubt of the organic origin of the bitumen compounds, although their presence in the lowest fossiliferous strata shows that they have not been formed altogether from terrestrial vegetation, but may also in some cases owe their origin to marine growths as well. Dr Sterry Hunt, of the Geological Survey of Canada, in an interesting paper on this subject, is careful to insist upon the distinction between lignitic (woody) and bituminous rocks, as many seem to think that the lignitic are the source from which the natural bitumens are derived by a process of slow natural distillation. The result of a careful examination of the question led him to the conclusion, that the formation of the one excludes more or less completely that of the other, and that bitumen has been formed under conditions altogether different from those which have transformed organic matters into lignite and coal.

Bearing on this point, Sir Charles Lyell remarks that 'the Orinoco has for ages been rolling down great quantities of woody and vegetable bodies into the surrounding sea, where, by the influence of currents and eddies, they may be arrested, and accumulated in particular places. The frequent occurrence of earthquakes and other indications of volcanic action in those parts, lend countenance to the opinion that these vegetable substances may have undergone, by the agency of subterranean fire, those transformations or chemical changes which produce petroleum; and this may by the same causes be forced up to the surface, where, by exposure to the air, it becomes inspissated, and forms those different varieties of pure and earth-pitch or asphaltum so abundant in the island.' Confirming this speculation is the fact, that asphaltum has been found on the shores of the Dead Sea from the most remote period, the bituminous substance being thrown up from below; and, toward the centre of the sea, being found in the liquid form. The Dead Sea, it need scarcely be added, is supposed to be of volcanic origin; and the explanation of the phenomenon is, that there is some connection between the Sea and some internal volcano, from which the bitumen is thrown up in the liquid form; but probably, from evaporation and oxidation of the more volatile portions, the bitumen hardens, and is ultimately carried to the shores in compact masses.

In like manner, asphaltum was procured from the fountains of Is from a very remote period, the springs from the rocks being conducted into large pits, where the oily matter was carefully removed, and solidified by exposure to the atmosphere. There is every reason to believe that the walls and stones of Babylon were cemented with this compound and from this very source.

It would be needless to refer to all the different

localities from which bituminous compounds are derived; suffice it to say that springs of mineral oil—or as it is sometimes called, rock-oil or petroleum—are to be found in the midst of a majority of them; and in the case of several, such as the Rangoon oil, obtained from wells in the vicinity of the river Irrawadi, in the Burman Empire, the oil has been obtained, and used as an article of commerce for a considerable period. Notwithstanding this fact, it was not until the year 1847 that Mr Young, then a chemist in Manchester, had his attention turned to a petroleum spring at Riddings, in Derbyshire, the product from which he distilled, and obtained a finer oil, which he used for burning in lamps; and a coarser and thicker oil, which soon found its use as a lubricant for machinery. The spring, however, failing after a short time in its supply, and Mr Young having noticed the dripping of the oil from the roof of a coal-mine, and arguing that the oil had been produced by the action of heat on the coal, set himself to produce it artificially by distilling the coal itself. That Mr Young succeeded in his endeavours, is now so well known, and has become so much a matter of history, that we require not to enlarge upon it. The patent which Mr Young obtained, towards the end of 1850, for manufacturing the oils and the solid substance paraffine in the manner indicated, having expired in 1861, a whole series of wealthy Companies embarked in the industry; and the enterprise would doubtless still further have developed, had not the attention of speculators and others been turned to the production of the oils from the abounding deposits of bitumen in various districts in the north-eastern states of America and Canada. Apparently, the first idea was to extract the oils from the bituminous compounds by a process of distillation similar to that employed under Young's patent for producing it from coal compounds; but it was quickly discovered that, by sinking wells in the clay beneath the bitumen, they could obtain it in great quantities in the fluid state. We have before us the United States' Census Statistics for the year 1862, which give us the history of the trade from its beginnings and earliest infancy. In the year 1857, operations were begun at Titusville on Oil Creek; but it was not till two years later that a spring was reached by boring, at a depth of over seventy feet, which yielded four hundred gallons of crude oil daily. By the close of the following year (1860) the number of wells and borings was calculated at nearly two thousand, of which seventy-four of the larger ones were producing daily, by the help of pumps, an aggregate of eleven hundred and sixty-five barrels of crude oil. Wells were soon after this sunk to depths reaching even to six hundred feet; and the flow of petroleum increased to such an extent, that three thousand barrels were obtained daily from a single well, the less productive ones yielding an average of from fifteen to twenty barrels daily.

Previous to this, however, it should have been noticed that various Companies, such as the Kerosene Oil Company, formed in 1854, on Long Island; the Breckenridge Coal-oil Works, formed in 1856, on the Ohio, Kentucky; and many others, had been manufacturing the oils from canal coal brought from England, New York and other

parts of the United States, if not by Young's process, at least by a process in every respect similar. Altogether, there were, at the beginning of the year 1860, between fifty and sixty factories in the United States alone engaged in the production of the oil from coal; while between twelve and fifteen only appear to have been engaged at this time in extracting it from bituminous compounds. The extraordinary flows of crude oil obtained about this time from several of the wells, as already narrated, quickly brought on an 'oil fever,' and speculation for a time ran riot, with the usual result, that enormous fortunes were often quickly made and as quickly lost. Oil-wells were sunk in every direction and locality where bituminous deposits were to be found, so that, with an ever-increasing supply of crude oil, and a consequent cheapening of the product, a crisis quickly came in the rival industry, which, although not altogether disastrous in its results, at least permanently crippled for a time its extension. The nature of this crisis will at once be understood when we give the prices obtained in the earlier months of 1862 for both the crude and refined oils, quoting still from the same authority. On January 4, 1862, the price of crude petroleum in Philadelphia was from twenty-two and a-half to twenty-three cents a gallon; and of refined oil from thirty-seven and a-half to forty-five cents. On March 29, the prices had declined at the same place to ten and twelve cents for crude, and twenty-five to thirty-two cents for refined oil; while three months later still, the prices quoted were nine and nineteen cents respectively. At the present time, the production in the United States alone amounts to over two and a-half millions of gallons daily, with a price ranging from ten to fifteen cents for the purified oil. We have not the returns for the petroleum exports for the last year at hand; but for the year previous they amounted to upwards of four hundred million gallons!

Notwithstanding this extraordinary production, and the consequent decrease in price, it only seems to have increased the demand; and the check which the rival British industry for a time received was only of a temporary kind, and not only can it now hold its own—even with the reduced price—but it has even within the last few years developed in directions less remunerative—namely, by obtaining the same product from bituminous shale.

Such is a very brief and imperfect account of the main features in the development of this very important industry. In what remains of our space, we will even more briefly touch upon some of the principal by-products obtained in the refining of the crude oils, and in doing so, we will be led also to refer to some of the distinctive properties of a safe and good burning oil.

From what has been said, it will be understood that the burning oil of commerce is derived in the crude state from a variety of sources, and afterwards purified. In the crude state, they all get the name of naphtha, in common with other liquid substances of an inflammable character produced from organic substances by dry distillation. To distinguish these from each other, they frequently take the name of the source from which they are derived, besides getting other fanciful

names. Thus, we have Boghead or Bathgate Naphtha, also called Photogene and Paraffine Oil, the name given to the oil originally obtained by distilling the Torbanehill 'mineral' or Boghead coal under Mr Young's patent. Any cannel coal, and even bituminous shale, will under the same process give similar products; but those derived from the latter source are generally distinguished by the names shale-naphtha or shale-oil. Again, we have mineral or native naphtha, also called Petroleum, Rock-oil, Earth-oil, &c.; and Burmese Naphtha or Rangoon Tar—the former distinguishing the liquids issuing from the earth in Canada and the north-eastern states of America; the latter, those obtained in a similar manner from Rangoon, in the kingdom of Burmah. Chemically, all the foregoing naphthas are closely related, and from them may be derived, by simple fractional distillation, a whole series of commercial products, which may be roughly classified as follows: (1) Volatile ethers; (2) burning oils; (3) lubricating oils; (4) paraffine.

The ethers are a very interesting class of compounds, and a whole series may be derived according to the temperature at which they are fractionated. One of the most volatile of these ethers is named Rhigolene, and has been used as an anæsthetic. It distils at a temperature so low as from thirty to forty degrees. Another, named Kerosolene or Sherwood Oil, distils at from forty-five to sixty degrees; benzine, between seventy and one hundred and twenty degrees; and artificial turpentine oil or petroleum spirit at from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and seventy degrees. This last has been largely used as a solvent in varnishes and lackers, and also as a substitute or partial substitute for turpentine. The others are well known in domestic economy as cleansing agents. It is from these lighter products that attempts have also been made to produce a gas for illuminating purposes, either directly or by enriching inferior gases produced from coal; and several Companies have been formed and are working patents for this purpose. It is only after these have been distilled, that the safety-burning oil is obtained, the vapour from the more volatile products just mentioned being highly explosive when mixed with air on coming into contact with a flame. The portions of the residue that remains after the foregoing have been distilled are raised to a still higher heat—while superheated steam is passed through them—and give off the heavier oils, valuable as lubricants for machinery; while impure paraffine, so valuable for candle-making and in matching and numerous other purposes, is the final residue. In connection with this last process, any notice of the valuable products derived from this residual distillate would be incomplete without some reference to a remedial agent which, we believe, will now be known in almost every household—namely, vaseline. Vaseline is the empiric name of a purified semi-solid residue, and probably no preparation is more largely used, or more deservedly popular at the present time, as a soothing and healing remedy for broken or tender skins and similar purposes.

It will be understood from the foregoing that the safety of the burning oil depends upon the careful elimination of the more volatile portions; therefore, as in the case of other dangerous



compounds, government has wisely put certain restrictions, not only upon the transport and storing of the oil, but also upon its freedom from the more volatile and dangerous compounds. For this purpose, it has not only defined the test; but by a more recent Act of Parliament, also the kind of instrument for applying the test, with other minute details. The test applied is the flashing-point of the oil; the more volatile portions giving off inflammable vapours, even at ordinary temperatures, while the less volatile give them off at gradually increasing temperatures. Manifestly, a point will be reached which may practically be considered safe, and this point was formerly fixed at one hundred degrees Fahrenheit. That is to say, the oil was put into an open vessel, such as a cup, into which a thermometer was inserted. The cup in turn was placed into a pan containing water—on the glue-pot principle—and heat applied to the pan. The water getting heated, gradually raises the temperature of the oil; and a light being made to skim the cup from time to time at a small distance from the surface of the oil, the oil—or volatile vapours—‘flashes,’ immediately the point is reached at which inflammable vapours are given off. The temperature at which this occurs is of course determined by the thermometer in the cup. We give the particulars of this test in detail, because any one can easily extemporise the apparatus required in its use, and apply it with little trouble, while it practically determines within safe limits what is and what is not a dangerous oil. By recent Act of Parliament, the test is made more scientific and accurate, and although the flashing-point has been reduced to seventy-three degrees Fahrenheit, it should be carefully observed that this does not alter the standard of the oil, but simply conforms the flashing-point to the instrument specially designed in the Act. No oil should be accepted as safe which will not stand an open flame at any temperature under a hundred degrees Fahrenheit without taking fire.

Such are a few of the principal features of and compounds derived from this very important substance in the crude state. We do not pretend to have exhausted the subject, or indeed to have done more than touched upon it in a cursory way; but we think we have at least said sufficient to justify our opening remarks, and that our readers will agree with us in saying, that as it is one of the most recent, so also is it one of the most interesting and important of national industries.

## THE ROSERY FOLK.

### CHAPTER IV.—THE DOCTOR ON NERVES.

THE dinner at the Rosery was all that was pleasant and desirable, saving that Doctor Scales felt rather disappointed in having to take in Aunt Sophia. He was not a ladies' man, he said, when talking of such matters, and would have been better content to have gone in alone. He was not much pleased either at being very near Mr Arthur Prayle, to whom he at once took a decided dislike, being, as he acknowledged to himself, exceedingly ready to form antipathies, and prejudiced in the extreme.

‘Ah,’ he said to himself, ‘one ought to be satisfied;’ and he glanced round the prettily decorated table, and uttered a sigh of satisfaction as the sweet scents of the garden floated in through the open window. Then he uttered another similar sigh, for there were scents in the room more satisfying to a hungry man.

‘Perhaps you'd like the window shut, auntie?’ said Scarlett.

‘No, my dear; it would be a shame; the weather is so fine.—You don't think it will give me rheumatism in the shoulder, do you, doctor?’

‘No, madam, certainly not,’ said Scales. ‘You are not over-heated.’

‘Then we'll have it open,’ said Aunt Sophia decisively.

‘Do you consider that rheumatism always comes from colds, Doctor Scales?’ said Arthur Prayle, bending forward from his seat beside his hostess, and speaking in a bland smooth tone.

‘That fellow's mouth seems to me as if it must be lined with black velvet,’ thought the doctor. ‘Bother him! if I believed in metempsychosis, I should say he would turn into a black Tom-cat. He purrs and sets up his back, and seems as if he must have a tail hidden away under his coat.—No, decidedly not,’ he said aloud. ‘I think people often suffer from a kind of rheumatic affection due to errors of diet.’

‘Dear me! how strange.’

‘Then we shall have Aunt Sophia laid up,’ said Scarlett, ‘for she is always committing errors in diet.’

‘Now, James!’ began the lady in protestation.

‘Now, auntie, you know you'd eat a whole cucumber on the sly, if you had the chance.’

‘No, no, my dear; that is too bad. I confess that I do like cucumber, but not to that extent.’

‘Well, Naomi, I hope you are ready for plenty of boating, now you have come down,’ said Scarlett. ‘We must brown you a bit; you are too fair.—Isn't she, Jack?’

‘Not a bit,’ said the doctor, who was enjoying his salmon. ‘A lady can't be too fair.’

Aunt Sophia looked at him sharply; but Jack Scales' eyes had not travelled in the direction of Naomi, and when he raised them to meet Aunt Sophia's, there was a frank ingenuous look in them that disarmed a disposition on the lady's part to set up her feathers and defend her niece.

‘I think young ladies ought to be fair and pretty; don't you, ma'am?’

‘Ye—es; in reason,’ said Aunt Sophia, bridling slightly.

‘I side with you, Jack,’ said their host, with a tender look at his wife.

‘Yes,’ said Prayle slowly; ‘one naturally expects a lady to be beautiful; but alas! how soon does beauty fade.’

‘Yes, if you don't take care of it,’ said Aunt Sophia sharply. ‘Unkindness is like a blight to a flower, and so is the misery of this world.’

‘So,’ said Scarlett, ‘the best thing is never to be unkind, auntie, and have nothing to do with misery.’

‘If you can help it,’ said the doctor.

‘Or the doctors,’ said Scarlett, laughing—‘always excepting Doctor Scales.’



About this time, Aunt Sophia, who had been very stiff and distant, began to soften a little towards the doctor, and listened attentively as the host seemed to be trying to draw him out.

'What are you doing now, Jack?' he said, after a glance round the table to see that all was going satisfactorily and well; while Mrs Scarlett sat, flushed and timid, troubled with the cares of the house, and wondering whether her husband was satisfied with the preparations that had been made.

'Eating,' said the doctor drily, 'and to such an extent, that I am blushing inwardly for having such a dreadful appetite.'

'I suppose,' said Prayle, 'that a good appetite is a sign of good health?'

'Sometimes,' said the doctor. 'There are morbid forms of desire for food.—What say?'

'I repeated my question,' said Scarlett, laughing. 'What are you doing now?'

'Well, I am devoting myself for the most part to the study of nervous diseases,' said the doctor. 'There seems to be more opening there than in any other branch of my profession, and unless a man goes in for a specialty, he has no chance.'

'Come, Aunt Sophia,' said Scarlett merrily; 'here's your opportunity. You are always complaining of your nerves.'

'Of course I am,' said the old lady sharply; 'and no wonder.'

'Well, then, why not engage Doctor Scales as your private physician, before he is snatched up?'

'Ah, before I'm snatched up, Miss Raleigh. Don't you have anything to do with me, madam. Follow your nephew's lead, and take to gardening. There is medicine in the scent of the newly turned earth, in the air you breathe, and in the exercise, that will do you more good than any drugs I can prescribe.'

'There you are, aunt; pay up.'

'Pay up? Bless the boy! what do you mean?' said Aunt Sophia.

'A guinea. Physician's fee.'

'Stuff and nonsense!' said Aunt Sophia.—'But I don't want to be rude to you, Doctor Scales, and I think it's worth the guinea far more than many a bill I've paid for what has done me no good.'

'I've got a case on now,' said the doctor, going on with his dinner, but finding time to talk. 'I've a poor fellow suffering from nervous shock. Fine-looking, gentlemanly fellow as you'd wish to see, but completely off his balance.'

'Bless the man! don't talk about mad people,' said Aunt Sophia.

'No, ma'am, I will not. He's as sane as you are,' said the doctor; 'but his nerve is gone. He dare not trust himself outside the house; he cannot do the slightest calculation—write a letter—give a decisive answer. He would not take the shortest journey, or see any one on business. In fact, though he could do all these things as well as any of us, he doesn't, and, paradoxical as it may sound, can't.'

'But why not?' said Scarlett.

'Why not? Because his nerve has gone. He dare not sleep without some one in the next room. He could not bear to be in the dark. He cannot trust himself to do a single thing for fear he should do it wrong, or go anywhere lest some terrible accident should befall him.'

'What a dreadful man!' said Aunt Sophia.

'Not at all, my dear madam; he's a splendid fellow.'

'It must be terrible for his poor wife, Doctor Scales.'

'No, ma'am, it is not, because he has no wife; but it is very trying to his sweet sister.'

'I say, hark at that,' said Scarlett merrily—'his sweet sister.' Ahem, Jack! In confidence, eh?'

'What do you mean?' cried the doctor, as the ladies smiled.

'I say—you know—his sweet sister. Is that the immortal she?'

'What? My choice? Ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha-ha!' laughed the doctor, with infectious mirth. 'No, no; I'm cut out for a bachelor. No wedding for me. Bah! what's a poor doctor to do with a wife! No, sir; no, sir. I'm going to preserve myself free of domestic cares for the benefit of all who may seek my aid.'

'Well, for my part,' said Aunt Sophia, 'I think it must be a very terrible case.'

'Terrible, my dear madam.'

'But you will be able to cure him?'

'I hope so; but indeed that is all I can say. Such cases as this puzzle the greatest men.'

'I suppose,' said Arthur Prayle, in a smooth bland voice, 'that you administer tonic medicines—quinine and iron and the like?'

'O yes,' said the doctor grimly. 'That's exactly what we do, and it doesn't cure the patient in the least.'

'But you give him cold bathing and exercise, doctor?'

'O yes, Mr Prayle; cold bathing and exercise, plenty of that; but they don't do any good.'

'Hah! that is singular,' said Prayle thoughtfully. 'Would the failure be from want of perseverance, do you think?'

'Perhaps so. One doesn't know how much to persevere, you see.'

'These matters are very strange—very well worthy of consideration and study, Doctor Scales.'

'Very well worthy of consideration indeed, Mr Prayle,' said the doctor; and then to himself: 'This fellow gives me a nervous affection in the toes.'

'I trust my remarks do not worry you, Mrs Scarlett?' said Prayle, in his smooth bland way.

'O no, not at all,' replied that lady. 'Pray, do not think we cannot appreciate a little serious talk.'

Prayle smiled as he looked at the speaker—a quiet sad smile, full of thankfulness; but it seemed to trouble Mrs Scarlett, who hastened to join the conversation on the other hand, replying only in monosyllables afterwards to Prayle's remarks.

The dinner passed off very pleasantly, and at last the ladies rose and left the table, leaving the gentlemen to their wine, or rather to the modern substitute for the old custom—their coffee, after which they smoked their cigarettes in the veranda, and the conversation once more took a medical turn.

'I can't help thinking about that patient of yours, Jack,' said Scarlett. 'Poor fellow! What a shocking affair!'

'Yes, it must be a terrible life,' said Prayle.

'Life, Arthur! it must be a sort of death.'

exclaimed Scarlett excitedly. 'Poor fellow! What a state!'

'Well, sympathy's all very well,' said the doctor, smiling in rather an amused way; 'but I don't see why you need get excited about it.'

'Oh, but it is horrible.'

'Dreadful!' echoed Prayle.

'Then I must have been an idiot to introduce it here, where all is so calm and peaceful,' said the doctor. 'Fancy what a shock it would give us all if we were suddenly to hear an omnibus go blundering by. James Scarlett, you are a lucky man. You have everything a fellow could desire in this world: money, a delightful home, the best of health'—

'The best of wives,' said Prayle softly.

'Thank you for that, Arthur,' said Scarlett, turning and smiling upon the speaker.

'Humph! Perhaps I was going to say that myself,' said the doctor sourly. 'Hah! you're a lucky man.'

'Well, I don't grumble,' said Scarlett, laughing. 'You fellows come down here just when everything's at its best; but there is such a season as winter, you know.'

'Of course there is, stupid!' said the doctor. 'If there wasn't, who would care for fickle spring?'

'May the winter of adversity never come to your home, cousin James,' said Prayle softly; and he looked at his frank, manly young host with something like pathetic interest as he spoke.

'Thank you, old fellow, thank you.—Now, let's join the ladies.'

'That fellow wants to borrow fifty pounds,' growled Doctor Scales. 'There's that itching again in my toes.'

#### CHAPTER V.—JACK SCALES MEETS HIS FATE.

'That's what I like in the country,' said Jack Scales to himself, as in an old suit of his friend's tweeds and cap to match, he thrust his hands into his pockets and strolled down one of the garden paths. 'Humph! Five o'clock, and people snoring in bed, when they might be up and out enjoying this lovely air, the sweet dewy scent of the flowers, and the clear sunshine, and be inhaling health with every breath they draw. Bah! I can't understand how people can lie in bed—in the country. There is reason in stopping in peaceful thought upon one's pillow in town till nine.—Ah, gardener, nice morning.'

'Beautiful morning, sir,' said John Monnick, touching his hat, and then going on with his task of carefully whetting a scythe, and sending a pleasant ringing sound out upon the sweet silence of the time.

'Grass cuts well, eh?' said the doctor.

'Yes, sir; crisp, as if there was a white frost on.'

'Ah, let's try,' said the doctor. 'I haven't handled a scythe for a good many years now.'

'No, sir; I s'pose not,' said Monnick, with a half-contemptuous smile. 'Mind you don't stick the pynte into the ground, sir, and don't cut too deep. I like to keep my lawns regular like.'

'Why don't you have a machine?' said the doctor, taking the scythe, and sweeping it round with a slow measured *swish* that took off the grass and the dewy daisies to leave a velvet pile.

'Machine, sir? Oh, there's two in the potting shed; but I don't want no machines, sir. No-fangled things, that breaks a man's back to push 'em along. You has to put yourself in a unnatural-like position to work 'em, and when you've done it, the grass don't look like as if it had been mowed.—Well, you do s'prise me, sir; I didn't know as you could mow.'

'Didn't you, Monnick?' said the doctor, pausing to take the piece of carpet with which the old man wiped the blade, using it, and then reaching out his hand for the long gritty whetstone, with which he proceeded to sharpen the scythe in the most business-like way. 'Ah, you never know what a man can do till you try him. You see, Monnick, when I was a young fellow, I often used to cut the Rectory lawns at home.'

'He's a clever one,' muttered the old man, watching intently the rubber, as it was passed with quite a scientific touch up and down and from side to side of the long curved blade. 'Man who can mow like that must be a good doctor. I'll ask him about my 'bago.'

'There, I'm going for a walk. I'm out of condition too, and it touches my back.'

'Do it now, sir?' said the old man, smiling. 'Hah! that's where it lays hold o' me in a rheumatically sort o' way, sir. You couldn't tell me what'd be good for it, sir, could you? I've tried the iles, but it seems as if it was getting worse.'

'Oh, I'll give you something, Monnick,' said the doctor, laughing; 'but, you know, there's a touch of old age in your complaint.'

'Eh, but I'm afraid there is, sir; but thank you kindly, and you'll forgive me making so bold as to ask.'

'Of course, of course. Come to me after breakfast.—And look here, I want to get on the open heathy part, among the gorse and fir-trees. Which road had I better take?'

'Well, sir, if you don't mind the wet grass, you'd best go across the meadows out into the lane, turn to the left past the church, take the first turning to the right, and go straight on.'

'Thanks; I shall find my way. Don't forget. I daresay I can set you right.' And the doctor went off at a swinging pace, crossed the meadows, where the soft-eyed cows paused to look up at him, then leaped a gate, walked down the lane, had a look at the pretty old church, embowered in trees, and had nearly reached the open common-land, when the sharp cantering of a horse roused him from his pleasant morning reverie.

He looked round, to see that the cantering horse was ridden by a lady, whose long habit and natty felt hat set off what seemed in the distance to be a very graceful figure; while the oncoming group appeared to be advancing through an elongated telescopic frame of green leaves and drooping branches, splashed with gold and blue.

'Here's one sensible woman, at all events. What a splendid horse!' His glance was almost momentary. Then, feeling that he was staring rudely, he went on with his walk, continuing

his way along the lane, and passing a gate that opened at once upon the furzy common-land.

Suddenly the horse was checked a short distance behind him, and an imperious voice called out: 'Here!—hi!—my man.'

Jack Scales, M.D., felt amused. 'This is one of the haughty aristocrats we read about in books,' he said to himself, as he turned and saw a handsome, imperious-looking woman of eight-and-twenty or so, beckoning to him with the handle of her whip.

'The goddess Diana in a riding-habit by Poole, and superbly mounted,' said the doctor to himself, as he stared wonderingly. He saw that her hair was dark, her cheeks slightly flushed with exercise; that there was a glint of very white teeth between two scarlet lips; that the figure was really what he had at the first glance imagined—well formed and graceful, if slightly too matured; and his first idea was to take off his hat and stand uncovered in the presence of so much beauty; his second, as he saw the curl of the lady's upper lip, and her imperious glance, to thrust his hands lower in his pockets and return the haughty stare.

'Here, my man, come and open this gate.'

As she spoke, Scales saw her pass her whip into her bridle hand, draw off a tan-coloured gauntlet glove, and a white and jewelled set of taper fingers go towards the little pocket in her saddle.

'Why, confound her impudence! she takes me for a yokel, and is going to give me a pint of beer,' said the doctor to himself; and he stood as if turned into stone.

'Do you hear!' she cried again sharply, and in the tones of one accustomed to the greatest deference. 'Come and open this gate.'

James Scales felt his dignity touched, for he too was accustomed to the greatest deference, such as a doctor generally receives. For a moment he felt disposed to turn upon his heel and walk away, but he did not, for he burst into a hearty laugh, and walked straight up to the speaker. The latter flushed crimson with anger at the insolence, as she mentally called it, of this stranger.

'How dare you!' she exclaimed. 'Open that gate;' and she retook her whip with her ungloved hand to point onward, while her splendid horse pawed the ground, and snorted and tossed its mane, as if indignant too.

'How dare I, my dear?' said the doctor coolly, as he mentally determined not to be set down.

'Sir!' exclaimed the lady, with a flash of her dark eyes that made its recipient think afterwards that here was the style of woman who, in the good old times, would have handed him over to her serfs. 'Do you know whom you are addressing?'

'Not I,' said the doctor; 'unless you are some very beautiful edition in animated nature of the huntress Diana.'

'Sir!'

'And if you were not such a handsome woman, I should leave you to open the gate yourself, or leap the hedge, which seems more in your way.'

'How dare you!' she cried, utterly astounded at the speaker's words.

'How dare I?' said the doctor, smiling. 'Oh,

I'd dare anything now, to see those eyes sparkle and those cheeks flush. There,' he continued, unfastening the gate and throwing it back; 'the gate's open. *Au revoir.*'

The lady seemed petrified. Then, giving her horse a sharp cut, he bounded through on to the furzy heath, and went off over the rough ground like the wind.

The doctor stood gazing after them, half expecting to see the lady turn her head; but she rode straight on till she passed out of sight, when he refastened the gate.

'She might have given me the twopence for that pint of beer,' he said mockingly. 'Why, she has!' he cried, stooping and picking up a sixpence that lay upon the bare earth close to the gate-post. 'Well, come, I'll keep you, my little friend, and give you back. We may meet again some day.'

It was a trifling incident, but it seemed to affect the doctor a good deal, for he walked on amidst the furze and heath, seeing no golden bloom and hearing no bird-song, but giving vent every now and then to some short angry ejaculation. For he was ruffled and annoyed. He hardly knew why, unless it was at having been treated with such contemptuous disdain.

'And by a woman, too,' cried the doctor at last, stopping short, 'of all creatures in the world. Confound her impudence! I should just like to prescribe for her, upon my word.'

## PRETENTIOUSNESS.

THE writer of the present article has had three or four experiences lately which have connected themselves together in his mind. Some months ago, he was in one of the many British possessions beyond the seas. There he was asked to dinner by a gentleman holding a subordinate official position. The dinner was a very elaborate one. There was some watery soup, and several *entrées*, with finer names than flavour; and a couple of badly-cooked joints; and a long-named, ill-made pudding. The wines were many, of which he can remember only the fiery sherry and the bad champagne. A short time afterwards, the writer had the honour to be asked by the governor of the province to dine with him privately. Here he had an excellent dinner, sharing with the great man a good leg of mutton, a delicious rice-pudding, and a bottle of sound claret.

On the return voyage, he was sitting the first day on the deck of the steamer, watching his fellow-passengers promenading up and down. Two couples, each consisting evidently of man and wife, especially attracted his attention. In the first couple, the gentleman was dressed in a very light-coloured tweed suit, evidently brand-new; he had on lavender kid gloves and highly polished boots. The lady on his arm was dressed in a pale blue silk dress, with a gold band round her waist, and wearing gold bracelets and earrings, while a heavy necklet hung low down on her breast. They strutted along, very proud of their appearance, and apparently quite unaware of how foolish and out of place their dress really looked on board a steamer. The other couple had attracted the writer's attention by a certain high-bred look and bearing, the more striking, as the man was plain

in looks and small in person. This gentleman had on a rough pea-jacket and a pair of brown leather boots. The lady with him wore a simple but very well-made dress of blue shirting—the cloth from which sailors' shirts are made. It turned out that this couple held the very highest rank in English society. She was a lady of title; he, a man of princely and historic wealth. The first couple had just made some money by a fortunate speculation.

The writer is living just now in a small seaside town, where he has rented a furnished house, the owner of which has gone abroad. It is one of those villas which are now so numerous near all the towns and cities of England. In this neighbourhood is a fine old castle, which is the showplace of the country-side. This is thrown open to the public when the owners are away; and the writer went to visit it the other day. He passed through the drawing-room and the dining-room in ordinary use by the family. He found that these rooms were more plainly furnished than the corresponding rooms at the villa he occupied. To compare a few of the articles. The sofa and the easy-chairs in the drawing-room at the castle are of the simplest form, and covered with chintz. Those in the villa are of elaborate design, have much carving about them, and are covered with velvet. In the dining-room at the villa is a chiffonier with many bends and curves, and machine-made mouldings, with mirrors let in here and mirrors let in there; and the chairs have carved backs and twisted legs and spring seats. In the dining-room at the castle is a square oak-press and some plain wooden chairs. The furniture at the castle does not look half so fine as that at the villa; but it is well made, and answers its purpose, which the other does not. The sofa at the castle is comfortable to recline upon; that at the villa is the reverse. You may throw yourself on the former; but have to deposit yourself most carefully on the latter. The easy-chairs at the castle are easy-chairs; those at the villa would more appropriately be termed penitential ones. The oak-press in one place is of sound solid workmanship; the chiffonier in the other is veneered without, and of bad woodwork within. The chairs in the dining-room at the castle are easy and safe to sit upon; not one of those at the villa affords you a secure or comfortable resting-place. This is due to the difference of workmanship, the joints and fittings of the one being well cut and well put together; those of the other ill made and carelessly joined. The furniture at the castle dates from about fifty years back; that at the villa is perfectly modern. The former is the work of a prior generation; the latter, of this one.

The difference between these things is not merely a superficial, but a deep-seated and fundamental one; one not only of appearance, but of character; one not of form only, but of essence. It is the difference between sham and reality, falsehood and truth, seeming and being. A thing that does not do what it is meant to do, is a sham, a falsehood, and cannot, in any real or beneficial sense, be said to be.

It may be thought that here are many big words about a very small matter, a waste of thought and writing about unimportant things. But surely it is not so. For the three instances

or experiences that have been brought together point to falseness and pretentiousness in our ways and works. They are indications of a spirit which is now too prevalent, and which is very wasteful and harmful, and it may be added, demoralising. We may call it the spirit of dishonesty. To one who has been abroad for many years, the changes in his native land are more striking than they are to those over whom they have come gradually, and he may even be apt to exaggerate them. But it certainly seems to the writer that there is now more pretentious living and bad work in our country than formerly. In our houses, our furniture, our dress, our eating and drinking, our way of living generally, and in our handicrafts, there is more attention to the one element of show, than to the qualities of simplicity, solidity, propriety, goodness. In plain language, there is more dishonesty, and less honesty. There is now more regard for show than for substance. Formerly, we English prided ourselves on its being the reverse with us.

Let me take another illustration from the things around me. This villa is what is described in advertisements as an ornamental one, with a pleasing and handsome exterior. It is badly built from basement to roof. The masonry and woodwork, and almost every other kind of work in it, are scamped. The walls are cracked; the roof lets in the rain; the doors and windows do not keep out the wind. Now, all this bad work is very wasteful. The house and the furniture are continually undergoing repair. There is no soundness in them. Materials badly used are really wasted, and the labour bestowed upon them is thrown away. This sham-fine house and sham-fine furniture must be demoralising both to inhabitants and builders—to those who made it, and those who use it. To live in an atmosphere of pretentiousness cannot be wholesome; to live amidst false surroundings, must tend to produce falsity of thought, feeling, and character. The handicraftsman by bad work smirches his title of honour. Higher title to respect than work well done, can no man have. And as a handicraftsman's work makes up his life, if that is bad, poor, and false, his life must also be bad, poor, and false, with no honour in it. Bad work for wages taken involves lying and cheating. Then these things grow. It is astonishing how quickly the character of a nation will change for better or worse, and how soon one single quality will permeate a nation and characterise it. The leaven spreads fast, and soon leavens the whole mass. Sloth or industry, extravagance or thrift, each of these may become the dominant quality of a nation. We see how many nations have sunk from enterprise into inactivity, and how, after attaining to the highest perfection in the arts, they have lost the capacity of doing any good work at all. This is the danger. Our national character may become deteriorated. We may come to care more for the show than the substance of things. Showy and pretentious, instead of simple and solid living, may become the rule with us, and the whole national life become hollow. We may lose the habit of honest living and honest work.

Dishonest work leads to a dishonest spirit of work. The mason who puts bad work into the walls of a house, will put it into a sea-wall or a



railway tunnel; the smith who puts bad rivets into a kitchen boiler, will put them into a railway viaduct; and thus we have much loss of money and life. Our goods and manufactures once commanded the markets of the world, because of their excellent workmanship—they were reliable in this respect; they are said to be losing the command, because they no longer bear the same character.

To bring together these three experiences. The governor's dinner was very simple, but it was good; the dress of the lady and gentleman of high position was plain, but the one best suited to the place and circumstances; the furniture at the castle was plain and simple, but answered its purposes thoroughly well. There is no reason why a lady should not wear a silk dress and jewellery, but they are out of place on the deck of a steamer. It is a good and valuable thing to have beauty and grace in our surroundings, but not at the expense of good work and usefulness.

It will be observed that in all these cases it was the people of the highest rank that ate simply, dressed quietly, and had simple surroundings. These three experiences were not brought together, but simply happened to have followed one another. At the same time it is not meant by their conjunction that these good qualities are only to be found among people of the highest rank. Honest living and honest surroundings are to be found as much in the cottage or the villa as in the castle. Foolish and extravagant living are not unknown, unfortunately, in the higher ranks of the community. In them, too, sham not unfrequently takes the place of reality, and shadow is valued more than substance. But in them, too, nevertheless, the highest value is given to solid and to appropriate living. A nobleman may live a life of 'sustained splendour,' to use Lord Beaconsfield's words; but there would be nothing pretentious in that, as it would be simply in accordance with his rank. When the American authoress, Mrs Beecher Stowe, visited England, she remarked, apparently with some surprise, the simple and unostentatious mode of living of some of our highest families. The three instances here given may help to correct the foolish notion that show and display are any necessary marks or indications of rank or position. It is from the prevalence of such notions that we have so much pretentious living; and it is probable that they prevail most in the great middle class, which constitutes the body of the nation.

#### VERBAL LAPSES.

To err is human, and to make verbal lapses is especially human; hence, one thoroughly enjoys hearing a lingual *faux pas*. The amusement caused does not of necessity imply a sense of superiority in the listener, but rather a faculty of sympathy, as if knowing that at any moment he or she might make a similar mistake. The sentiment has much in common with the hearty laughter which invariably follows the reading of love-letters in a breach-of-promise case. The epistles are perhaps nonsensical enough intrinsically; but the ludicrous side of sympathy is roused—the auditor feeling that he himself has written, or might write, just some such foolish

sweetness to his lady-love. To slips of the tongue, some persons are of course more prone than others; so much so, in fact, as to cause the weakness to be characterised as a mental defect. Nevertheless, it is, as we have said, a failing more or less inherent in human nature. These lapses may for the most part be attributed to one or other of four causes—haste, carelessness, innocence, and ignorance.

We have heard of the captain of a small ocean-steamer—a bluff, hearty sea-dog, of Cockney birth—who sometimes caused amusement to his passengers by his slips. He was in the habit of reading the Church of England service on Sunday morning, and his verbal vagaries were such as seriously to interfere with the devout attention of the passengers. On one occasion he read the episode of 'Jael and *Cesarea*,' and prayed that the Queen might be 'endowed with eternal facility.' We were once perplexed by a frequent allusion to a steamer named the *Sky-thee-a*, which turned out to be the *Scythia*. Again, the captain gravely remarked one day, as he was serving out some corn-flour, that he 'didn't know why the pudding was called *blue mange*, seeing that it was always *white*!' Ignorant error is not, however, invariably 'at sea.' A man of the would-be erudite order, on being accosted by a neighbour with, 'What a windy morning!' replied: 'Yes, it is blowing a perfect *tournament*.' The same 'derangement of epithets' was noticeable in the letter of a country correspondent who wrote: 'Here I sit in this quiet *sequestered nook*.'

Many laughable lapses have occurred in the pulpit. Naturally, most of these have resulted not from ignorance, but from that tendency to slips which no one can at all times avoid. The wonderful number of 'clerical errors' which are current, arises, probably, from the fact that the opportunities of hearing them are more frequent than in the case of political or other speakers. A few Sundays ago, in a church which had recently been repaired, a venerable clergyman prayed 'that this building may stand eternally for many generations to come.' Another reverend gentleman wound up a glowing peroration with, 'Oh! my brethren, the bridge was gulfed—ah—that is, the gulf was bridged!'—the prosaic, hurried tones of the explanation completely robbing the climax of its intended effect. Again, a clergyman solemnly enunciated the following pregnant truth: 'If these men had been born Hottentots, they'd have been Hottentots still.'

There is a story told of a minister who referred in his sermon to the 'Sarisees and Faducees;' and in the course of an announcement as to a certain meeting being 'held in the hall,' he misplaced the vowels in the first and last words, with a result which can only be mildly hinted at as suggestive of Hades. At a clerical gathering in a certain town in Nova Scotia, an aged brother rose and remarked: 'We are all acquainted with the Scriptural injunction—this day every man is expected to do his duty.' As the meeting dispersed, one of the clergymen spoke to the reverend lapse-maker, and informed him the quotation was from Shakespeare. 'Shakespeare!' replied the old minister; 'that can't be, for I've never read Shakespeare.'

It is but a step from the pulpit to the 'precentor's desk,' which is equally notorious in respect

of blunders, sometimes of the most absurd nature. A ludicrous scene was witnessed some years ago in a country church in Scotland. The precentor was a burly fellow, who followed the plough during the week, and whose only recommendation for the post of psalmody-leader was the possession of powerful lungs. The paraphrase, 'Ho! ye that thirst,' had been chosen, and the bucolic precentor elected to sing it to the music of the 'Old C'—a common-metre hymn to a long-metre tune. He began with stentorian stolidity, never dreaming of the metrical precipice that lay immediately before him. The first line, 'Ho! ye that thirst, approach the spring,' passed off without mishap. Then came the second line, 'Where living waters flow.' No sooner had the unfortunate precentor reached the last word than he stood aghast at the fact that there was more music but no more words! With the despairing look of a drowning man catching at a straw, he cast his eyes imploringly from side to side, prolonging the vowel-sound of the last word into two groans of dismay, to the remaining notes of the line—'flow—oh!—oh!' Thereupon he collapsed into his seat, with the air of a betrayed and deeply injured man, amid the audible titters of the rural congregation.

Our Highland cousins have frequently caused amusement by their colloquial lapses, arising from imperfect knowledge of English. A Highlander who lives in a village not far from Paisley was one day followed by a bevy of mischievous boys, when he turned sharply round and exclaimed: 'Oh, you'll make a fool of me as long as my back's behind me; but if my face was before me, you wouldn't do it.' Another, who had been similarly annoyed, afterwards told a friend that 'some bad boys came and threw ground at him.' A Highlander on a Glasgow quay, with a broken hawser in his hand, was heard shouting: 'Pull? How can I pull when the rope's in twice?' Two fresh arrivals from the Western Isles went to a city merchant's office, saying: 'This is Donald and me lookin' for a wrocht [for work]; can you give us one?' 'No; I'm sorry to say that at present there's no vacancy.' 'Och,' replied the spokesman, 'never mind; it's a' richt whether or yes; as one door shuts, another closes. Good-mornin'.' The spirit of Mrs Malaprop would seem to pervade all kindreds and tongues, and one might even imagine that some of that lady's lineal descendants have settled in the west of Scotland. A native of Skye happened to be in Edinburgh a few years ago, when Chantrelle the poisoner lay under sentence of death, and when there was a rumour as to a reprieve. The Celt inquired of a friend: 'Did you'll think Chantrelle will get a reprimand?'

There are occasional slips of the tongue which can be traced only to mental peculiarity, resulting in distorted reasoning, as was exemplified by the young lady who observed: 'Isn't it strange that we should get our tortoiseshell combs from an animal that hasn't got a hair on its head?'

Villages are proverbial for the development of character, or rather characteristics. In such small centres, peculiarities and eccentricities find a scope and opportunity which are lacking amid the restrictions and larger interests of city-life. A village orator eloquently perorated in a supposed

quotation of Keats: 'A thing of beauty is a thing for ever!' A registrar of a certain town in Scotland informs us he was once startled by the statement: 'If you please, sir, I've come to register the birth of a young woman.' In the same locality, an Irishwoman, wanting relief from the Parochial Board, said: 'I would not tell a lie to that Prodigal Boord for anything.'

The list of blunders might be indefinitely extended, so fruitful is the field. Indeed, we have scarcely glanced at one of the commonest forms of lapses—those which take place in every-day conversation. Readers will be able to call to mind numbers of slips perpetrated either by themselves or by their friends—such, for instance, as inadvertently narrating an anecdote turning upon a physical peculiarity or defect possessed by some one in the company; addressing a newly married lady by her maiden name; looking over an album, and making humorous remarks on a photograph which you subsequently discover to be that of one of your host's near relations; or interlarding one's talk with inapt or mispronounced foreign phrases. The moral would seem to be, to act and speak with circumspection. At first, this might impose a feeling of restraint; but in course of time it would become an easy-fitting habit. If we were only a little more guarded in our conversation, much merriment might be lost to the world, but at the same time a great deal of pain and perplexity would be avoided.

#### DRAWING-ROOM SONGS.

THE circle of English people to whom music of one kind or another makes some appeal, is rapidly widening; and the drawing-rooms in which singing and playing do not from time to time form the ostensible entertainment of the evening, are few and far between. The musical press pours forth a never-ceasing flood of songs intended for performance on such occasions, few of them lasting beyond a season or two, and most of them revealing a very close similarity in idea and treatment. Such of them as happen to attain popularity trail after them a long tail of imitations, in which any fault or any feebleness in the original reappears in a more faulty and more enfeebled form. A composer puts forth a song about a dream. The times, which are the reverse of dreamy, find something very attractive in dreams set to music, and the song is a success. Suddenly, all the counters of the music-vendors, all the canterburies, and all the portfolios, are given up to dream-songs. *I was Dreaming; The Stars are Dreaming; Ah, let me Dream; Dreams of Rapture; Can it be a Dream? Dreams within Dreams*, come in quick succession one upon another. Young gentlemen stand at the pianoforte and dream of a face that is lost for ever; and young ladies dream of a love that will yet be theirs; till one would think that dreaming were either the highest pleasure or the sole duty in life. Gradually we awake out of this luxurious state of semi-somnolence, till one day a lucky composer bethinks him of an angel! The times are sceptical; but there is a certain condition of liberal-minded geniality induced by melodious

music in which it seems not unbecoming to recognise, at least for art-purposes, the existence of these messengers from the unseen land; and the song is heard far and wide. Then everybody begins to see angels; an angel stands on every threshold, an angel whispers in every ear, an angel stoops from every cloud, an angel touches every brow, an angel closes all tired eyes, and troops of those celestial beings so fill the ways of the world, that an onlooker becomes apt to ask himself whether the frivolities of the social evening are not a little out of harmony with the solemnity of these visionary visitants.

And here is very naturally suggested another point worthy of remark in connection with this subject. Can any person, not being a singer, fail to have been struck by the occasionally ludicrous contrast presented between the sentiments expressed by a young lady in her conversation, and those which she selects for vocal illustration in the intervals of that conversation?

I am sitting by the side of Miss Gwendolen Maitland, a girl of two or three and twenty. She is tall, and carries her figure proudly and gracefully. She has hair of that shade of brown which turns into gold when the sun shines upon it; and behind the light and delicately curving fringe which shadows the upper part of her white forehead, she has bound it into a richly interwoven plait. Her eyes are gray—no, blue—you cannot say which, for they are both together and each by turns; and her presence exercises over me that fascination which I always experience from a manner that is expressive of innocent and womanly delight in life. Her conversation, it is true, is a little less than all this—at least unless in a *tête-à-tête* conversation; and on the present occasion there are some thirty or forty persons in the drawing-room.

'Who is that pale gentleman,' I have just asked her, 'evidently discussing with Miss Isbister the merits of that peacock-feather hand-screen?'

'Ah,' she replies, 'you have picked out my cousin. You will not think it strange that he should look pale, poor fellow, when you learn that he has crossed from Ostend to-day, and has suffered a landsman's martyrdom on the passage. I ought not to have told you, though, for I am sure he would feel your knowledge of the fact as a kind of humiliation. But you must hear of our glorious ride to-day. We had barely got freely out upon the downs, when—'

At this point, while her eyes sparkled with the recollection of that exhilarating gallop on the springy turf, she was interrupted by the approach of our hostess, who came to ask her to sing. She yielded without apparent reluctance; and after leading her to the piano, I retreated to my chair to listen, leaving an accomplished pianist to accompany her. Well—she sang a song the title of which I did not learn, but which might appropriately have been called *Nevermore*. She spoke throughout in the first person, and she assured her listeners, in the most thrilling tones of her rich soprano voice, that the days that had been would come back nevermore—that her light of life was quenched—that the pale cold hand of Sorrow had drawn a pall over her, and none would lift it evermore—that her eyes ached with watching and her heart with yearning—and that

the serpent Despair had wound itself about her soul, and would uncoil nevermore.

I did not know what to make of it; and when, as a preliminary to hearing her own judgment upon the sentiments she had just been expressing, I thanked her for the song, she replied with a smile more sorrowless than the flash of a daffodil: 'I am glad you liked it; it is a pretty melody; ' adding, 'and are not the words beautiful?'

I had not found any solution of the problem which this paradox had set me, when my ears were saluted with sounds as of a sturdy tar at the main sheet, or an able-bodied seaman hauling on the anchor-cable. A barytone voice, quite untrained, but with plenty of good quality, was trolling out a ditty of marlinespikes and tarpaulins and all the furniture of a frigate; and the frigate was running before the wind, or beating up in the wind's eye; and all the sailors were great rough manly pious fellows, with a kind of pride in an oath, and a strong leaning towards tears, which they dashed out of their eyes with the back of their hard hands. I looked towards the piano, and saw that the voice proceeded from the pale passenger from Ostend; and I fear that the emotion I experienced at that moment betrayed itself on my features, for Miss Gwendolen, happening to catch my eye as it rolled wonderingly round, immediately concealed her face behind her fan.

There followed a selection of quaint pianoforte pieces by Grieg, really well rendered, with the freshness of interpretation demanded by those piquant compositions; and then came Miss Isbister's turn to sing. Miss Millicent Isbister wore daisies, and these had begun to close when, earlier in the evening, I had exchanged a few words with her. She was but seventeen, and appeared so nervous that I also began to lose my self-possession; and when, in the course of our conversation, I happened to allude, in the most distant and delicate manner, to the marriage service of the English Church, the poor child blushed incontinently, and her eyes looked anywhere but towards me. What, then, was my surprise when I saw her standing at the piano and heard her warbling—very nervously, it is true—in her fibreless mezzo-soprano voice, about walking beneath the light of the moon, under a roof of rustling leaves, of burning lips pressed to her own, and the passionate beat of two hearts made one! Again, I knew not what to think, and sought refuge from thought in the society of Miss Gwendolen and the coolness of a claret-cup among the palms and azaleas.

Although it is true that whole budgets of the drawing-room songs now current may be referred to one or other of the classes above typified, it would be quite unfair to assert that other classes do not exist, or that there are not songs the individuality of which exempts them from any such classification. Again, there may occasionally be heard an *aria* detached from its context in some Italian or French opera; and in this instance, though the sentiment is generally either unbounded despondency or hysterical erotic joy, the use of the first person is more intelligible, seeing that the singer is avowedly assuming the character of the dramatic artist, the condition of whose mind is usually a not unnatural outcome of the very exceptional situation in which the

librettist has thought fit to place him or her. But no such explanation as this of the assumption of a character can be offered to solve the mystery of the almost universal choice of songs such as those above suggested; and knowing as we do the healthy and admirable natures of many of our friends who sing them to us for our delight, we cannot attribute that choice to a morbid love on their part for unwholesome and unnatural emotion.

Perhaps a true solution of the problem would be more readily arrived at by considering how far the unfortunate conditions of Society require the suppression of *all* emotion, and whether there cannot be traced in the song a recognised loophole of escape from conversational restraint. To a girl of an ardent and impulsive nature, subject to a thousand emotions for which Society offers and allows no medium of expression, it is unquestionably a relief to be able to lift up her voice, and with its full power, utter, without check or curb, words charged with feeling not necessarily similar to her own, but at least of like depth and suffused with the same warmth of colour. Song becomes to her what it is to the thrush; and as, when restraint is once removed, extremes are usually sought, what wonder if the songs selected are those that breathe the most spasmodic of raptures, the most maudlin of melancholies, the most unattainable of desires!

The above remarks have had reference rather to the words than to the music, and much remains to be said on both these component parts of the song; but this much only can here be added—that the authors of the words have but little to complain of in the work of the composers who adapt their verses to music; for the one salient feature of the songs of our time is the fidelity with which the music interprets the words; a condemnation or eulogy of the one implies in most cases censure or approbation of the other; and it would be exceedingly difficult to determine in most instances whether a song in these days owes its popularity in larger measure to the words or to the music. Blame, where blame is due, for compositions of the kind already alluded to must attach less to the composer of either words or music than to the public, whose demand is for work which it is at once easy and lucrative to supply, and who are content with songs that are sung for a season beneath every roof, and then pass out of mind, like last week's newspaper.

#### AMERICAN CATTLE-BRANDS.

The publication known as the *Texas Live-stock Journal* is a literary curiosity in its way. At first sight, it looks like a very badly-printed child's reading-book, with its columns of dingy woodcuts of cattle and horses. On closer inspection, however, we soon perceive that its alphabetical arrangement of names and its rows of woodcuts are simply advertisements of the brands of cattle, with a letterpress notice, telling the ownership thereof. Without this brand, or some distinguishing mark of a like kind, the manager of a cattle-ranch would be in a very helpless condition, and would be unable to pick out his strayed or stolen property from

among that of his neighbours. In winter, cattle belonging to different brands are sometimes allowed to range at will on the prairies, and so get mixed up with each other; though, at the 'round up' or separation, which takes place in spring, if the different herds are branded, it is a comparatively easy matter for each ranch-manager to claim his own property. In these brand advertisements in the *Live-stock Journal*, the marks or brands are cut out in white on the dark woodcuts, and are easily distinguishable. As a specimen of some of these brands, the cattle belonging to M. L. Martin have a large R on the ribs, and M on the hips. Those of E. A. Panknin are marked Pan on the hips, whilst initials, crosses, and round Os seem to be a very common form of marking.

#### B L I N D.

DARK—for ever dark, I go  
Through this world of want and woe,  
Imploring thy sweet charity.  
Stay, hurrying foot; O pity me!

No morning ray dispels my night;  
I may not see the blessed light;  
A dateless dark—a settled gloom,  
A foretaste of the coming tomb.

No glory of a setting sun  
Paints my heaven when day is done;  
Morn, noon, or eve no solace bring;  
Night brooding folds her sable wing.

For me no moon, for me no star  
Send their greeting from afar;  
I grope to find a friendly hand  
To guide me through this weary land.

I lay me down in darksome night:  
My dreams are of the heavenly light:  
I wake to find that dreams bestow  
My only comfort here below.

No more shall manhood's form divine,  
Or woman's softer beauties shine;  
Childhood's grace, decrepit eld,  
From my sightless eyes withheld.

The smile of joy, the tear of woe,  
Alike to me may come and go.  
The dear old faces! now they pass  
Unmirrored o'er my darkened glass.

To help the weary in their strife;  
To ease the burdens of this life,  
No gift from me, for while I live,  
Alas! I take, but cannot give.

DARK—for ever dark, I go  
Through this world of want and woe,  
Imploring thy sweet charity.  
Stay, hurrying feet; O pity me!

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